

For his preaching, he particularly prescribed unto himself, according to a memorandum which I found thus entred in his diary:

"Old Mr. Thomas Shepheard, when on his death-bed, said unto the young ministers about him, 'that their work was great, and called for great seriousness.' For his own part, he told them three things. *First*, that the studying of every sermon cost him tears; he wept in the studying of every sermon. *Secondly*, before he preached any sermon, he got good by it himself. *Thirdly*, he always went up into the pulpit, as if he were to give up his accounts unto his Master. 'Oh! that my soul [adds our Baily] may remember and practice accordingly!'"

To this his preaching, when he saw God gave any success, he would still in his private papers take as thankful notice as if great riches had been heaped in upon him. And yet he would add (such passages I sometimes find):

"Let my soul rejoice. But, Lord, keep me from pride. I desire to be humbled for it. Do I not know that God makes use of whom he pleases, and usually of the *weakest*? 'No flesh shall glory.'"

But if the word preached by this lively dispenser of it live not in our lives, after he is dead, he will himself be, which he often told you he feared he should be in the day of God, a *witness* against many of you.

That we may then meet him with joy, "Let us remember them who have spoken to us the word of God, and follow their faith, considering the end of their conversation."—But be thou sensible, O all my country of New-England, how much thou art weakened by the departure of such blessings to the world of the blessed!

Thy Baily could sometimes write such passages as this (I find) in his reserved papers:

"There was a day of prayer. God was with me in prayer, helping me to plead with him an hour and half for *this poor land*, and in some measure to *believe* for it. I hope God will hear and help."

Such an one taking flight from thee, let thy lamentations thereupon be heard: "My Father, my Father!"